

"The World has Changed..."

Emil

THE HOBO TOUR MOVES ON

WWWG Productions Ltd. Singapore

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"The World has Changed..."

THERE YOU ARE!

We were getting worried as to if you all are OK...seeing that you and your continued desire for all things Emil has and does remain our bottom line's only salvation in ever getting our extended losses on Emil returned.

I do fear that Emil seems to have gone off in yet another artist style and equally, we are concerned that you appreciate this new venue enough to keep buying any more books or at least, until we recover our investment – and hopefully , a small profit for all the trials Emil has put all of through...Bless you!

SEINE

"The World has Changed..."



"The World has Changed..."



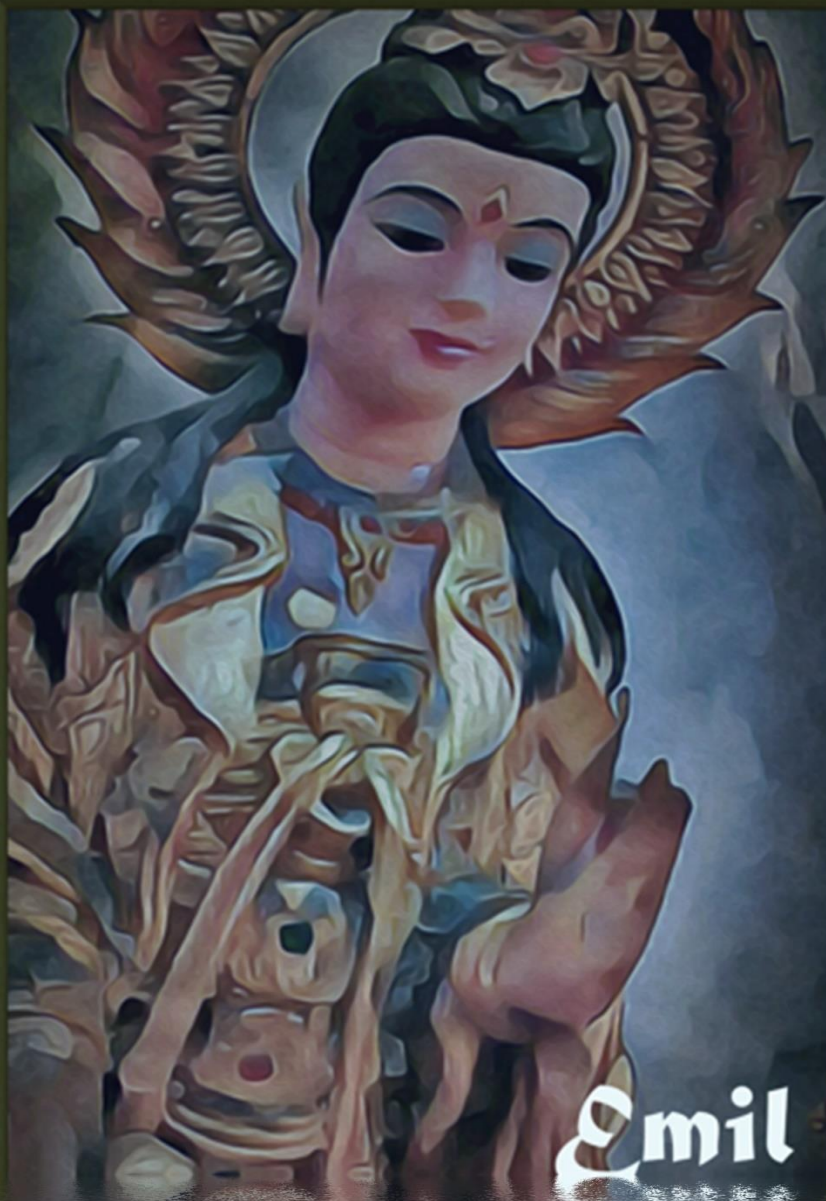
So we meet again? Aren't you the one who said "I'm out of here! I am will be nothing but just an old grease spot out along the highway of life...???? What happened to Omaha? No work there either, Uhh? I am not one to gloat but, who said all this before it "Schiff hit the fan" and who you made fun of and had all of those numerous jokes at my expense? Was that really you??"

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"The World has Changed..."



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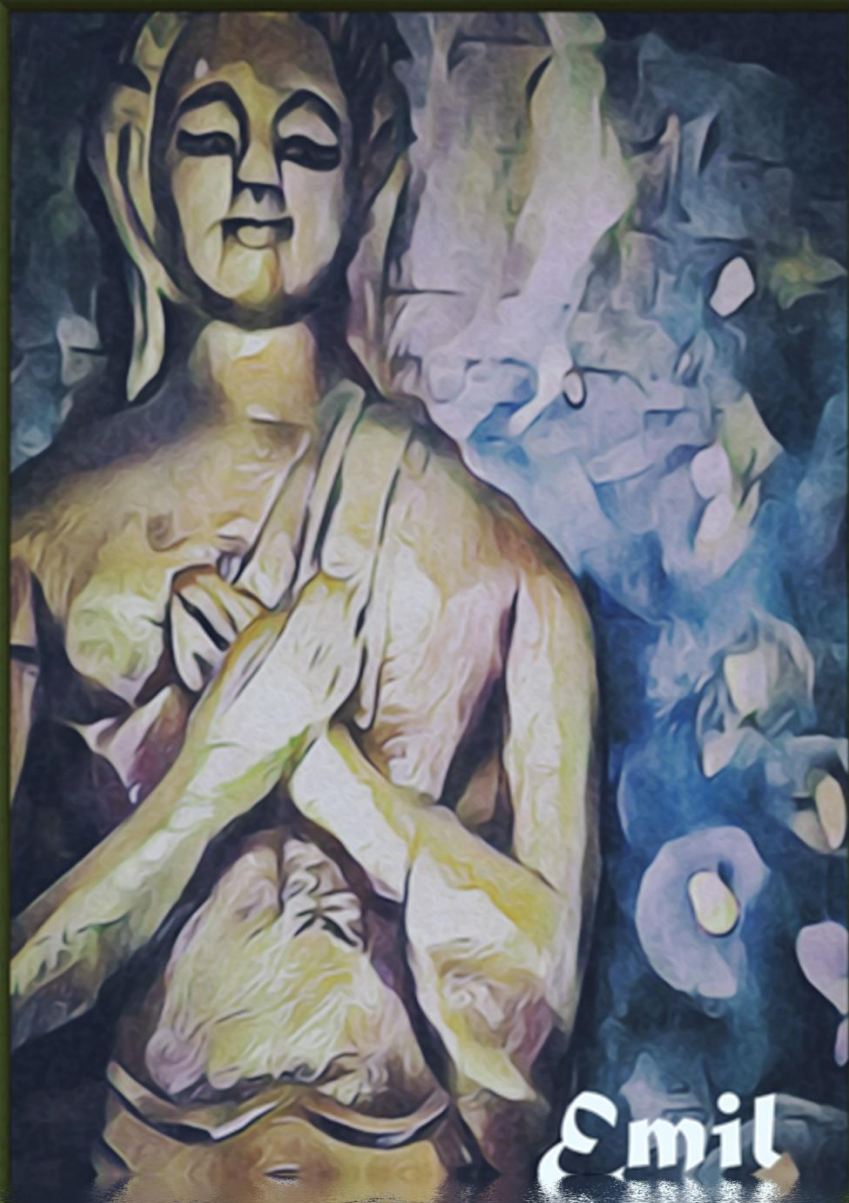
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ANNA

Anne was 37-years old and I was somewhere south of 26 when I captured this image - she lived across the way from our flat in Paris (this was early 1918 when we were still in self-exile from the war after we concluded our own separate Peace Treaty with the German Empire) and she had a wicked, a truly acid wit and could tear you completely apart with just one stern stare...

I think she and Seine had something going on the side but, she always played her part of the dutiful, suffering widow of some fool who decided to continue the battle and seems to have lost his bet on survival... Anyway, as you can see, she is still right off page one of my memories and if Seine was a bit truthful, he would admit that he still pines for her and that damn, wicked wit...

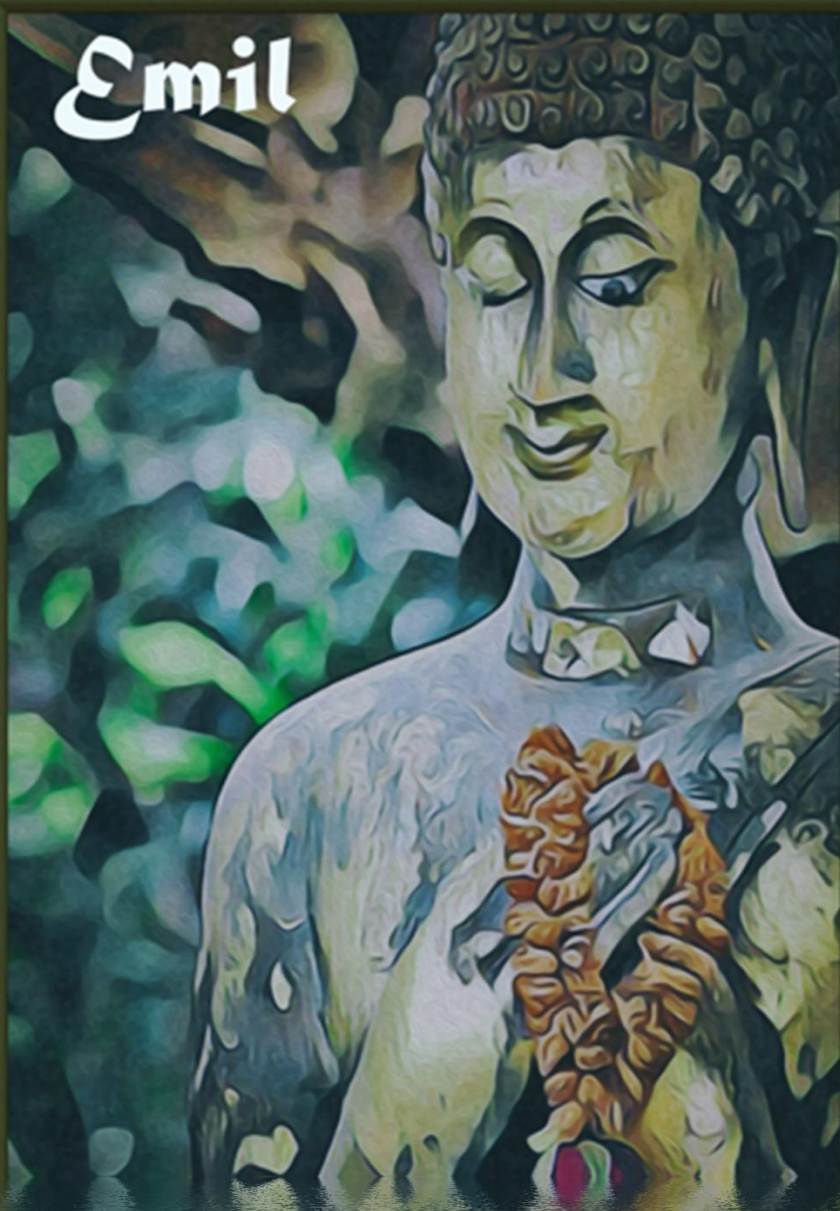
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ON THE ROAD TO OMAHA...

**"Man, this world really
suckz de big one, Boss!"**

**That is what the old guy, looking to be
rather out-of-place here in Tulsa by his
manners and the lagging reminders of
"surfer dude" speak; that is what he was
ranting and bellyaching about...**

**All the while I was just wishing that he
might give it a rest and end this pointless
discussion about how good them**

"Good Old" Days were...

**Mostly, because they really weren't and
he may be willing to set aside all of the
bitterness and the hatred that tore away
the goodness of our soul and replaced it a
lasting taste of the upheaval created by
the advent of the Lost Children
of the WOKE.**

**Like, old man don't get me started on my
version of your happy, good old times!
I hate to talk bad about anyone and**

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ON THE ROAD TO OMAHA...

**especially, those who never lasted much
beyond the opening rounds of
when the world changed.**

**That is what most people now call it, that
they politely refer to what amounted to
the end of the world – at least as most of
us seem to remember in ever increasing,
slanted and dissected views of what most
of us still can't wrap our heads around.**

**Don't get me wrong! I ain't saying that
them Lost Children ended the world or
that it was their fault; they were just one
of the warning signs that we so freely
overlooked and failed to see the
importance of in those early days
of the collapse.**

"Yea...you're right there, Boss!"

**The old man chipping in as he felt a need
to come to my aid as he seemed to sense
where my soapbox was headed and like**

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ON THE ROAD TO OMAHA...

and like the good citizen that I am sure
that he once was; he felt a need to walk
me back from the cliff that
I had myself out on to...

He was a nice guy and I am sure that he
meant it with good intentions but, I was
not in the mood to back down, bite my
tongue or even walk away from
such forbidden talk...

"We shall not talk badly of those who lost
their way...those who chose PC WOKEism
(over even elementary, basic common
sense) and became the Generation of
the Martyred..."

Isn't that what they teach the kids in
the schools these days?

We are still too close; the events (still) are
too raw to now sort out the truth over all
that remaining PC WOKE crap that our
ruling elite spout and I (personally) think
that it will be several generations...

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ON THE ROAD TO OMAHA...

Maybe longer, what ya think, Bubba?

"Dude...like a hundred years
if not more..."

Yea, old man...I think that you are right!
I'm sure that long after we are all gone
and more sensible heads look back, they
will get it all sorted out...Like, what
difference will that make to us?

"WOW! You're right there...what
difference?"

Nodding my agreement, I reach down to
get my kit bag as I climb up into the lorry
that them government boys run into
Omaha from here in Tulsa...runs twice a
week when they can scavenge up enough
gas for the run...

Guess, this week, I got lucky!

Still hoping that the rumours are correct
about there being work there and maybe,
a good paying job up in the Dakotas

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ON THE ROAD TO OMAHA...

helping bring the oil fields back up,
running and with it...

It would be great to see them get the
economy back on its feet – it has been a
long ten years out here
in the wilderness...

It will be nice to see a small sense of
civilization restored to all of us common
folks – all of us that weren't insulated,
protected behind the walls of private
sanctuaries where the life styles for them
rich...corrupt bastards never missed a
beat...even when everything fell apart
and the old world died.

Someday, there will be a reckoning...there
just got to be...you know its
coming...can't you sense the
mood out here?

Betcha, my last silver coin that
there will be!

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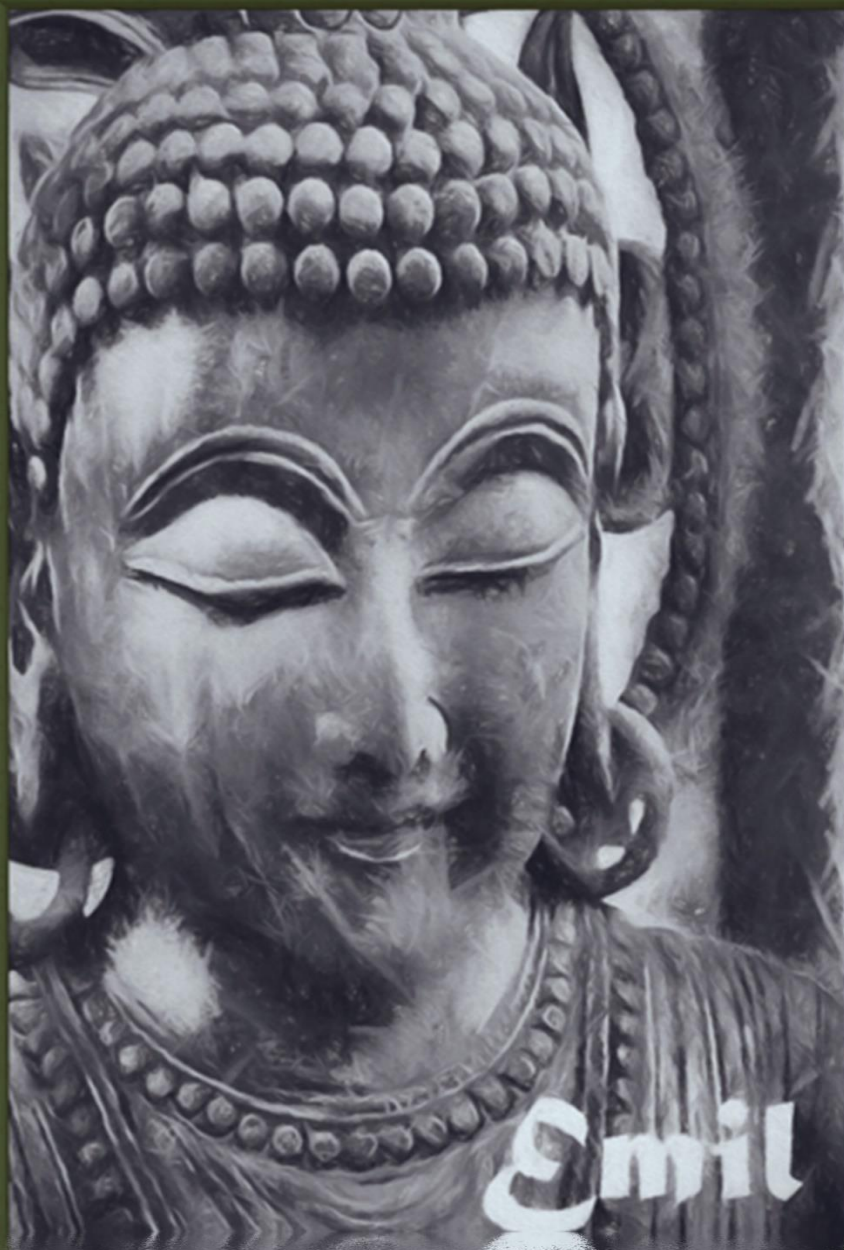


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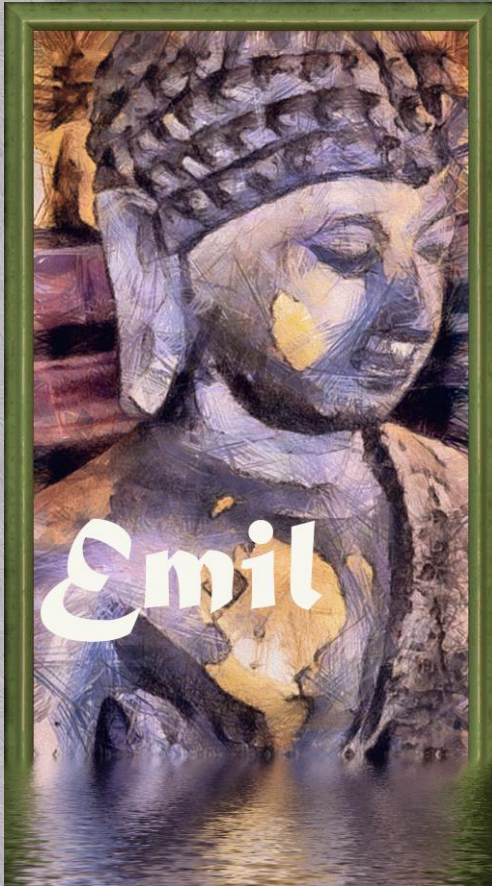


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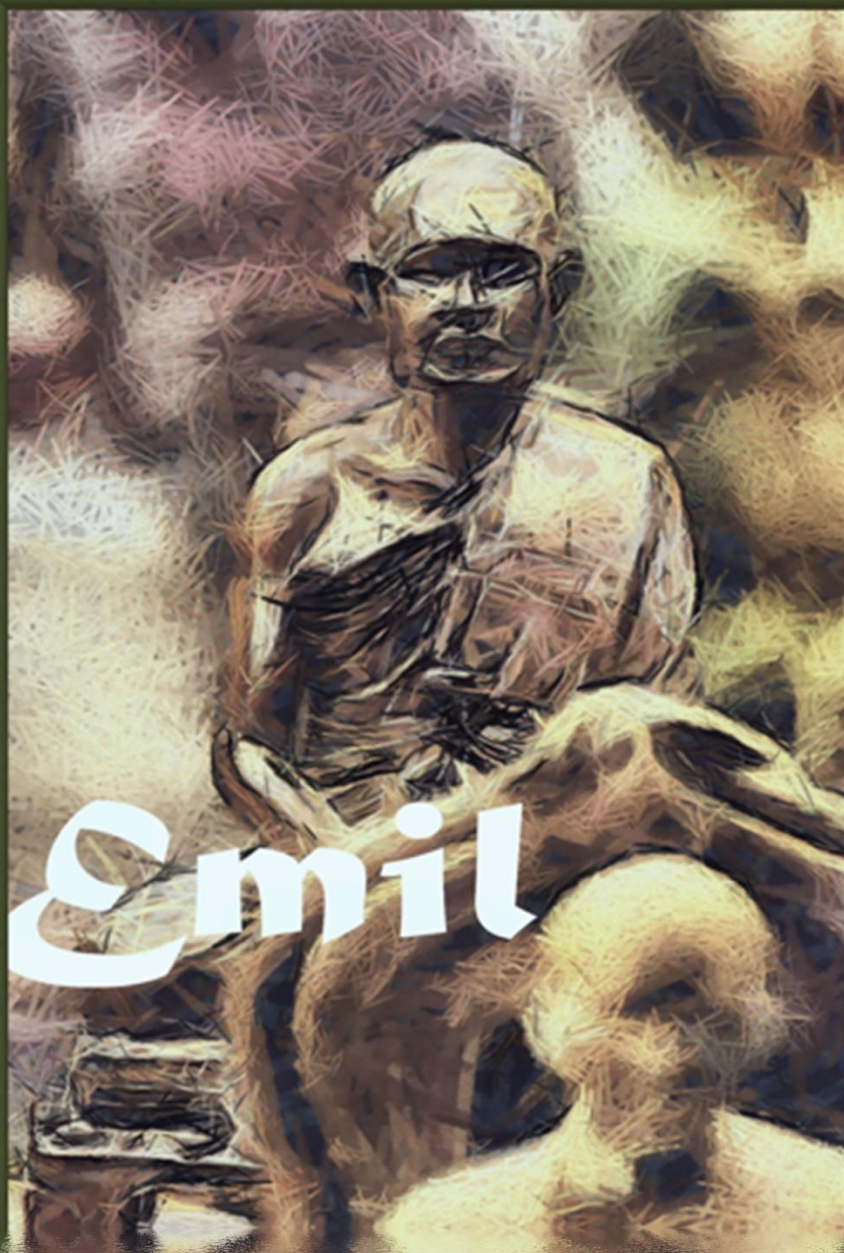


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Just sitting there under a shady tree over
next to the crossroads, both of them
quietly sat as if they where waiting for the
bus to come...I didn't have the heart to
interfere in their meditations by telling
them that the buses no longer ran...
Picking up my kit bag, I move along the
highway east as they said that there might
be work in Omaha...

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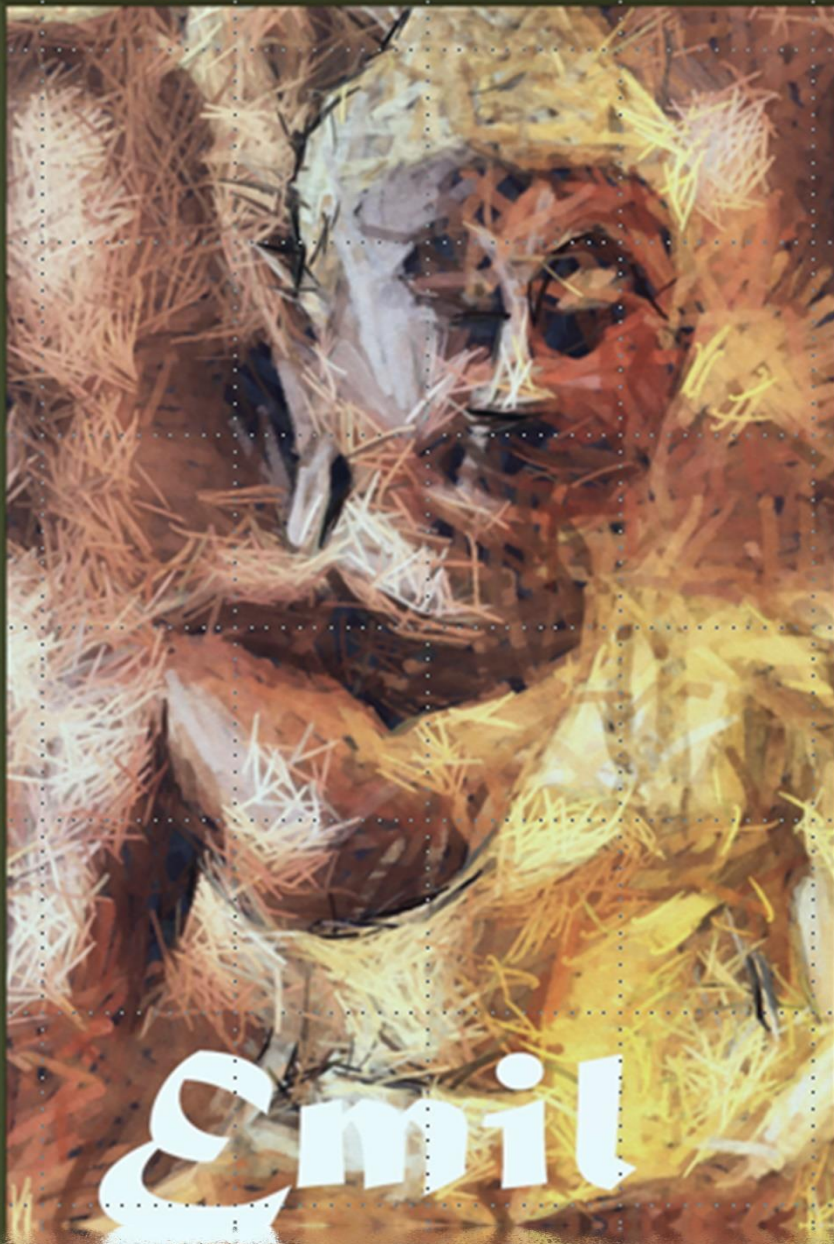


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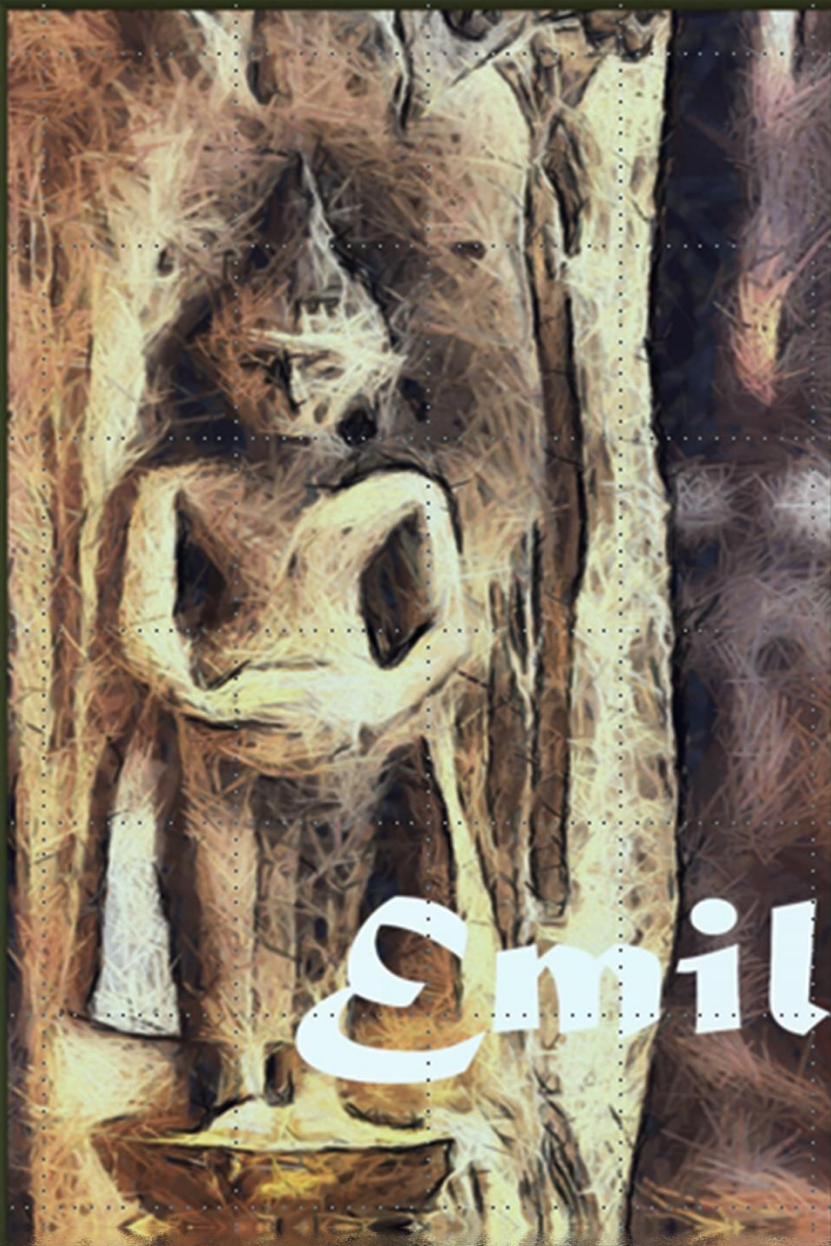
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OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

Arrive here in what had once been the southern suburbs of Omaha just last night after nearly a week of traveling through the "Badlands" and even with the National Guard riding with us, it got downright hairy on several occasion especially in what had been once known as Northern Oklahoma; it was there that we had to barter our safe passage through what is now part of they call the Cherokee Confederation.

You see that a lot these days after everything went to hell and local authorities (some good...others bad...some terrible) filled in when the Federal Government broke down and now, you have semi-automize regions that have sprung up or that are controlled by what use-to-be (third world) warlords – which is why we had to pay a tribute to secure a safe passage through the CC.

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OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

The CC People were polite if not downright friendly but make no mistake, they were a tough bunch who are not the least bit afraid to cut you down at your knees if they see you as a threat to their Confederation.

Transiting through the land in a closed military "three duce" lorry doesn't give you much insight into the lay of the land nor the situation of the people there. Although, they seemed well fed unlike in the central part of Oklahoma around Tulsa.

They were outwardly friendly but not chatty and could get downright standoffish even you questions try to dig too deep. This is to be expected these days as those who have anything seem always under threat from those who don't and you could, tell that this drove their caution on chatty foreigners who wanted to be their BFF (Best Friends Forever).

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OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

The roads north of the CC were terrible and some had almost totally reverted back to nature as there was nobody to maintain the old-world standards. We stuck to secondary roads as the old interstates were still cluttered with abandon vehicles that were left behind once the owners ran out of gas...this created bottlenecks where you could be ambushed by banditos that still plied the highways in search of new bounty.

Secondary roads tended to be clear as locals were still using them until they too ran out of gas and in the few places where there was an obstruction, we would all get out and push the rusting vehicles out of the way.

The other benefit was that locals tended to monitor and even patrol their outriding

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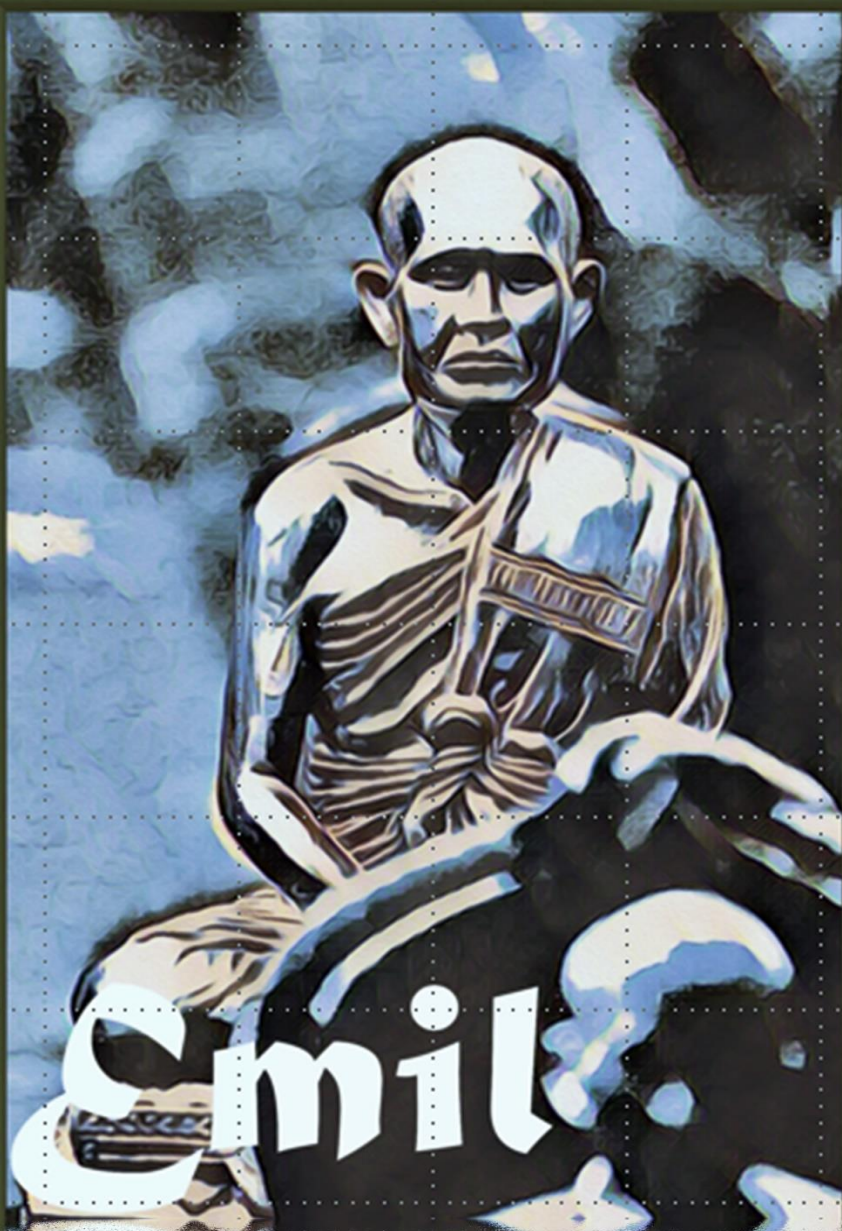
OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

roads – usually it seems on horseback as horses are the new Cadillacs in these post-event times.

Occasionally, off in the distance, especially at night, the glimmering flickers of gated fortresses of the elites...you would never get close as each seems to have a well-armed and large security force to shot you first and then tell you that you were not welcomed in their community.

There is a big beef amongst the average common folks that the burdens of the fall, the collapse were not shared equally and for these elites hiding behind the multi-level defense structure; live doesn't seem all that much different...their money, power or damn luck had spared them the worse of the pain and heartbreak that now fills any average person's conversations.

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OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

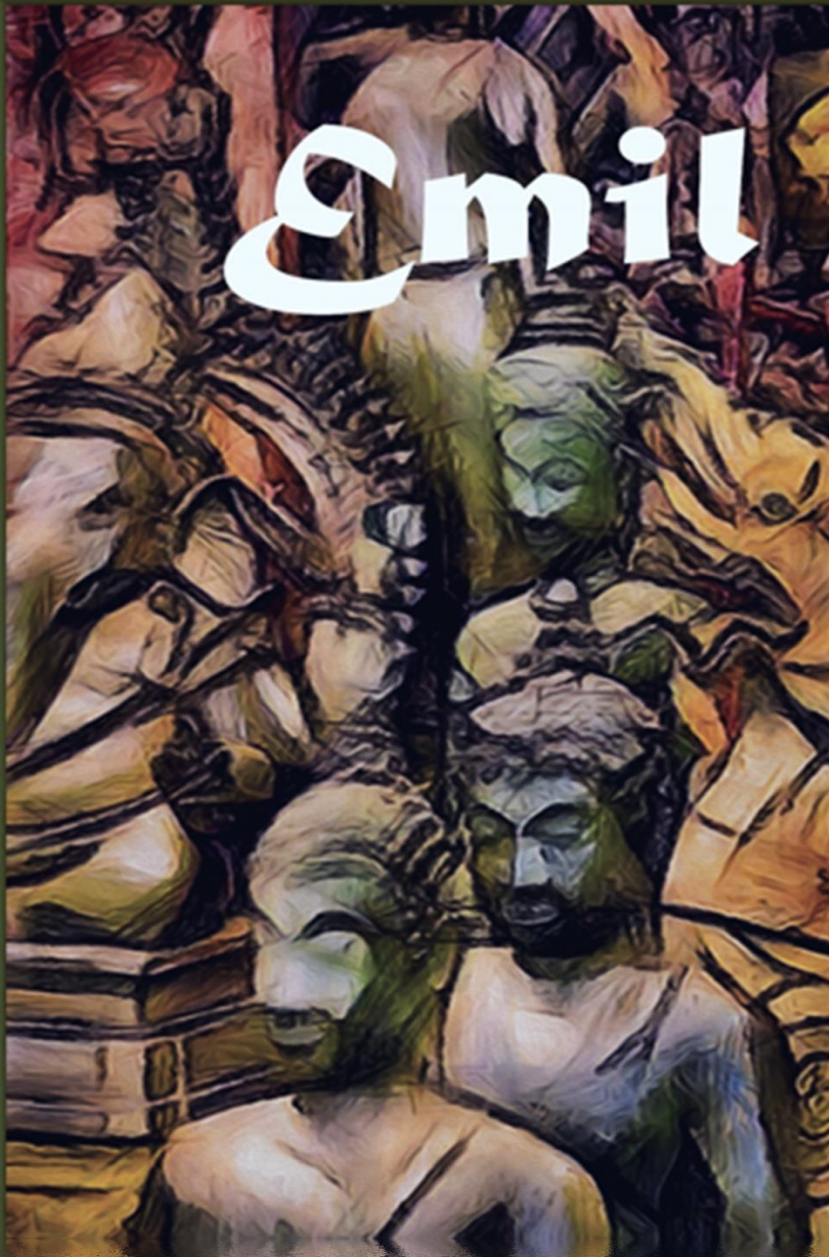
Everywhere, town's people, the country folk and wanderers like me look upon them not out of envy more so disgust at how they flaunt their continued good life...and I still say, there will come a day when they may wish that they would have kept a smaller profile...

At the end of the day, money (or whatever they really use these days) still makes even this fracked up world go around...it is their money, corruption, greed and their basic lack of remorse as to what they are will to do to maintain their pleasure dome fortresses.

Anyway...long trip...I'm bone tired but, I will be damned if I will follow the Committee of New Residents (the CNR) strong suggestion that we go immediate to the large refugee camp on the edge of town for processing, a bunk, and some warm chow.

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OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

Anyone who has survive out here on the road would never even let themselves be dragged into one of these "Gates" Camps (so named as this super rich guy from the old-world was the one who sat up the first camps on the west coast for those fleeing the big cities as they literally were burning to the ground)

as that is where you go to die – die of the viruses that still haunts the populists, die from being beat by camp gangs or even the local security (fancy name for jailers).

Ain't no way...there must be some soup kitchen around, I have my bedroll and by now, I have grown use to sleeping on hard ground or behind a scattering of bushes.

Seems that Omaha isn't much different than the other towns that I have passed through so far.

They are mostly facades, relics of a long dead world mixed with the flaunting

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OMAHA...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

dandies who come down from their gated fortresses to urban explore and taste risk but at a safe distance and in the presence of their armed security.

In fact, there was this young kid, must have been no more than seventeen or so; just zoomed pass me riding a well-maintained, pre-event Ducati 900cc Monster.

A Ducati 900cc Monster?

Shit, like man, even back in the days , I could never afford such a machine as they were rather pricey even then.

And, Bubba...Where in the hell do, how do they still get the fuel (high octane gas) to allow this punk kid to joyride around town on?

That just ruined what was left of a long day but, this guy told me that there is some kind of church mission where they will let you work for temporary room and

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Omaha...BOOM TOWN OR BUST?

**board...it is about a mile over that way on
what use to (I think he said)**

Sinclair Street.

I'm heading over there...

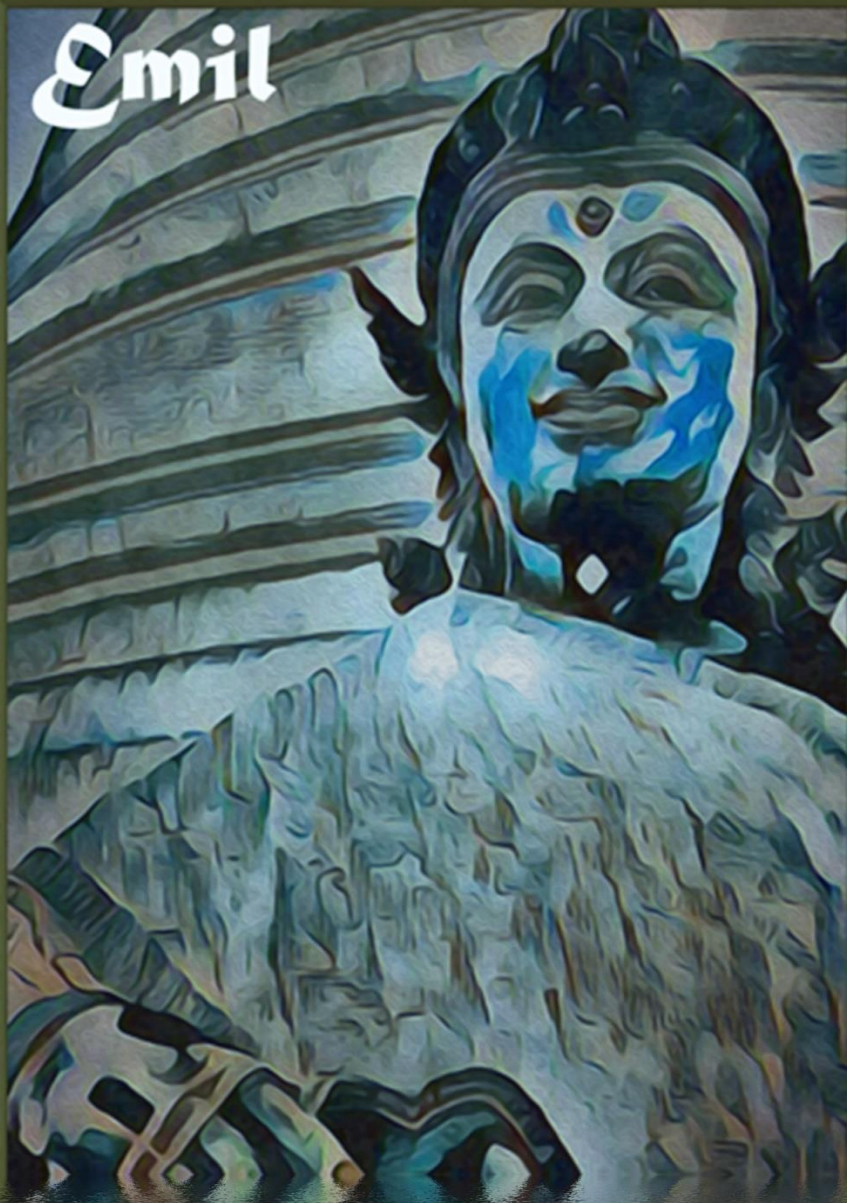
Want to come along?

Nothing to lose but sore feet, right?

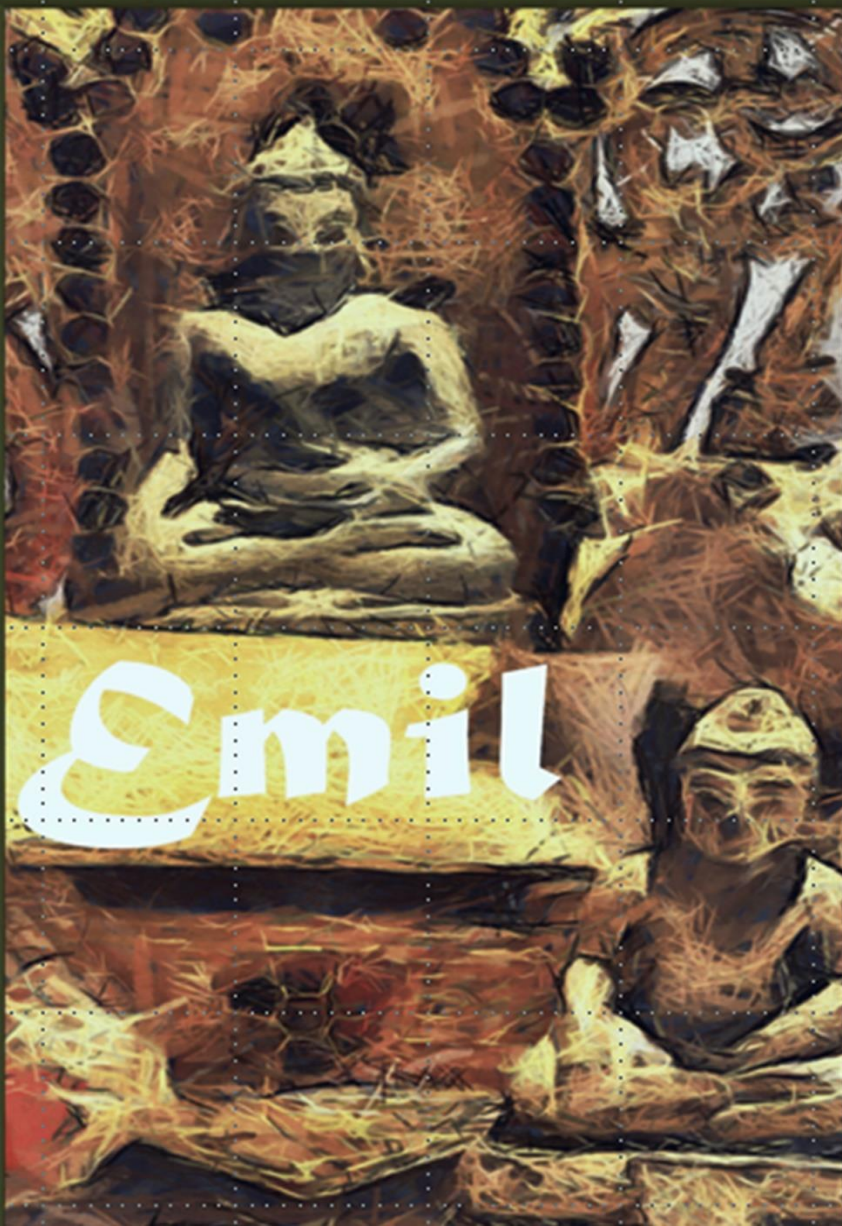
**If we leave now, we should be there
in time for supper.**

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OMAHA DAY TEN...

Remember back to your childhood, school yard games like where you start a story at the front end and by the time it reaches back to the end of the line it became a very different tale (You remember?); it seems that the story about there being work in Omaha was much the same as our childhood game.

Been here for about two weeks and I have yet to find this treasure chest of employment other than that Warlord from what use to be Wisconsin that was recruiting (Shanghaiing) every able to soul to take back home and to continue his armed uprising against the re-establishment of Federal Authority in Milwaukee.

Luckily for me, I am way beyond my best, my prime years and they ignored me almost to the point that an average bloke might take true offence.

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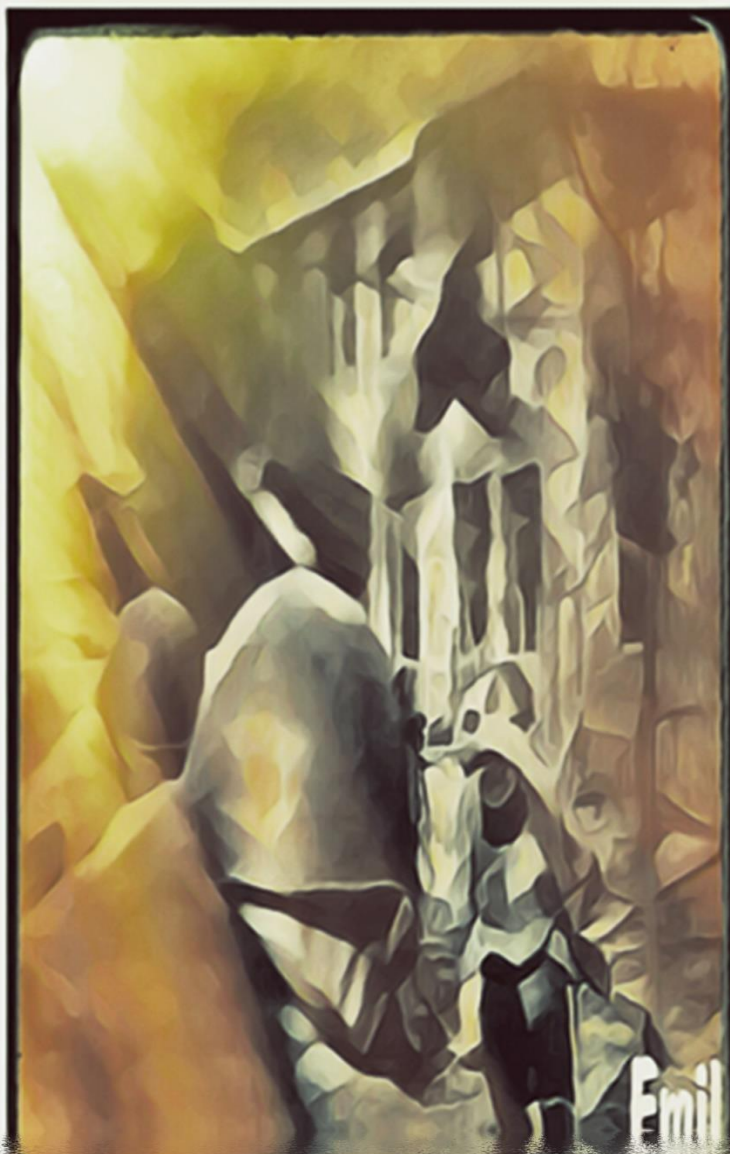
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OMAHA DAY TEN...

Other than that, and this slave house where I am bunking; there ain't much of anything other than semi-hungry, lost people milling around trying to hustle a dime to take home and feed their destitute, threadbare family.

The chance, the dream that they would be opening up the oil fields in the Dakotas was just another pipe dream of those who so wished that we could go back to the way it was before the fall but, the equipment (so I am told by people who claimed to have been there and now, came back) what little is left or not destroyed when the government seized the fields to save the planet (or so they claimed) is rusted beyond use...and, besides, it is just another cruel rumour that they where getting the refineries along the Gulf Coast back online.

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OMAHA DAY TEN...

**Too little, too late to cry over all this,
Bubba!**

**Someday...maybe, we can come back?
You hear a lot of "Schiff" these days and
who has even a clue what is right? There
has been no major media since the war
spread throughout the cities and most of
us are resigned to what we hear down at
the main town market and from the
occasional refugee or wanderer passing
through as to what the news is
over the next hill.**

**Omaha does have the distinction of
having got a ancient AM Radio Station up
and running...not much in the way of
anything other than PSAs, Orders of the
Day by the City Commission for Recovery
(CCR) and an odd or random Britney
Spears song or two to offer up an
entertainment value...**

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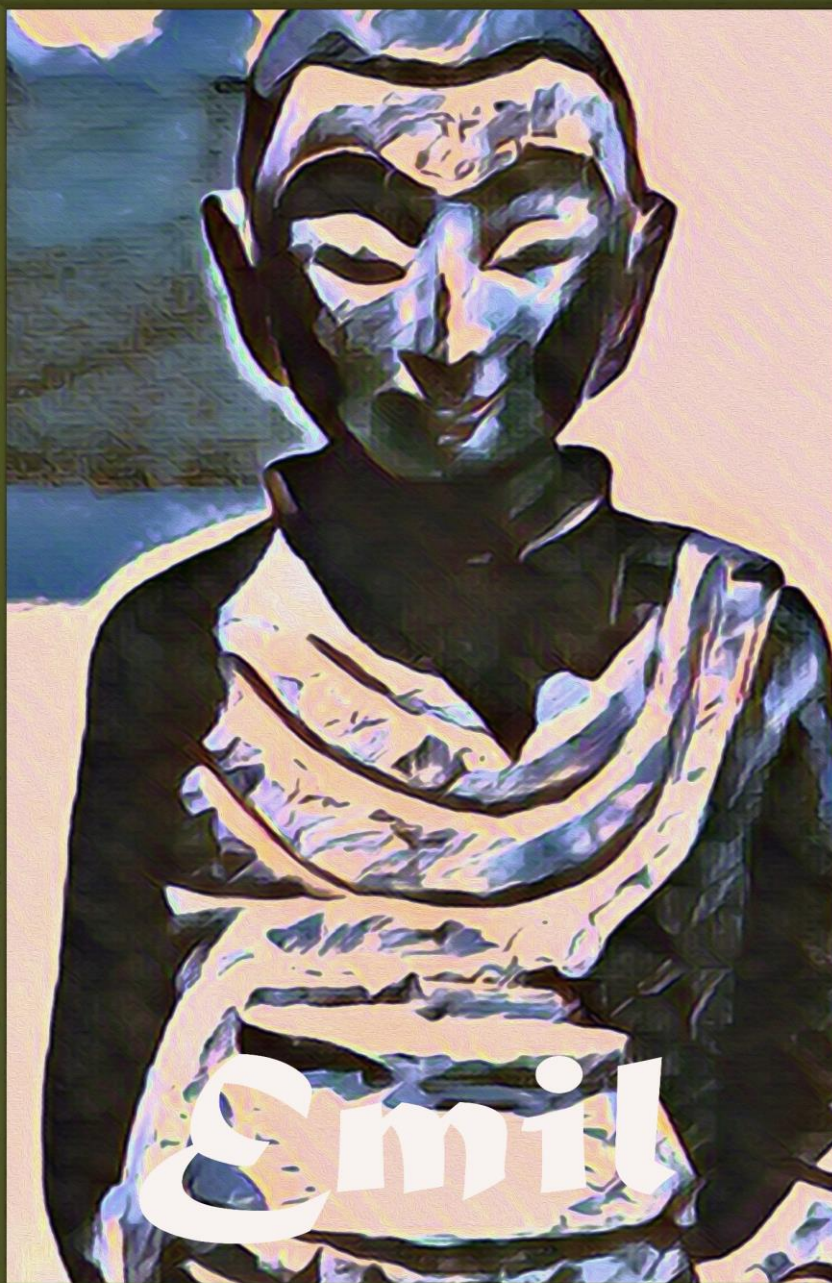
OMAHA DAY TEN...

This has sparked quite a black market in old...like ancient, transistor radios to even hear this spiel...seems that in an age of advanced computers and the internet mixed with the electric power no longer runs; this means that all that fancy technology is regulated to conversation pieces or bitch sessions over it.

When the station first came on, it was a big yawn as no one could listen and so, there was very little interest...other than, that was another sample of how foolish the CCR was.

Then, some people dug their grand daddy's old AM Radio from out of a box stashed away in the damp basements around town and after rigging them to run on the little solar powered batteries that the CCR has started to supply families here in town; they became the biggest thing to hit Omaha in nearly a generation

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OMAHA DAY TEN...

has had to an actual I-Phone moment ...

BUT...Britney Spears?

Dudes!

So, lame!

This is a true sin to any person who still fondly remembers downloading mp3s or even going down to a record store...

If you are slightly older...that is!

Speaking of which...I have seen several local families around my shelter who have rigged up old 1960's era record players (or older hand-cranked units) and if you listen closely out in the night air; you will hear a lot of old-time music booming into the night from their victorals.

Nice to hear some of those old scratchy, 78-rpm recorders and the swing-era music being rediscovered and it is somewhat, funny I guess...that their time has come again.

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OMAHA DAY TEN...

The CCR announced that next season, after planting is finished and there is downtime here in town, they are going to try and make a new generation of solar radio for the good people of Omaha. This seems to be, at best, wishful thinking of the whiz kids on the CCR Board as is no parts to assemble such radios little-a-lone, the power to actual run any kind of assembly plant...

Bubba... in a nutshell; that is Omaha as it sits out in the middle of the badlands...a mere shell...window-dressing to a future museum as to the way the world once was...

"HEY! How about all the meat packing plants...Omaha was famous for them –

WEREN'T THEY?"

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OMAHA DAY TEN...

**Can't have meat packing without meat,
can ya?**

**Omaha gave all that up when it embraced
the 21st Century and started to depend on
meat from Argentina or for that matter,
vegetables, and fruits from Chile.**

**See, that was the true weakness
of the world we built?**

**Like ancient Roma, we grew fat and lazy
off the rest of the world.**

You are right, my friend...

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS!"

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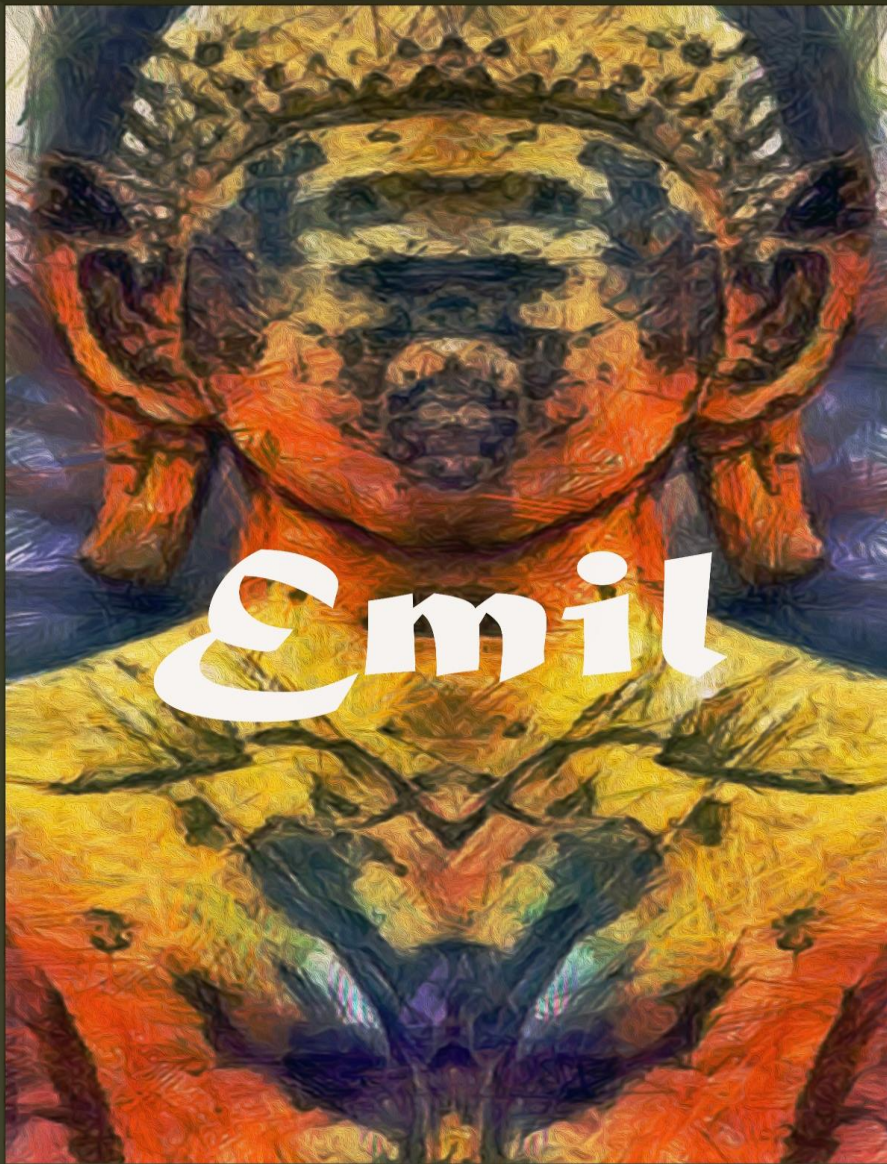
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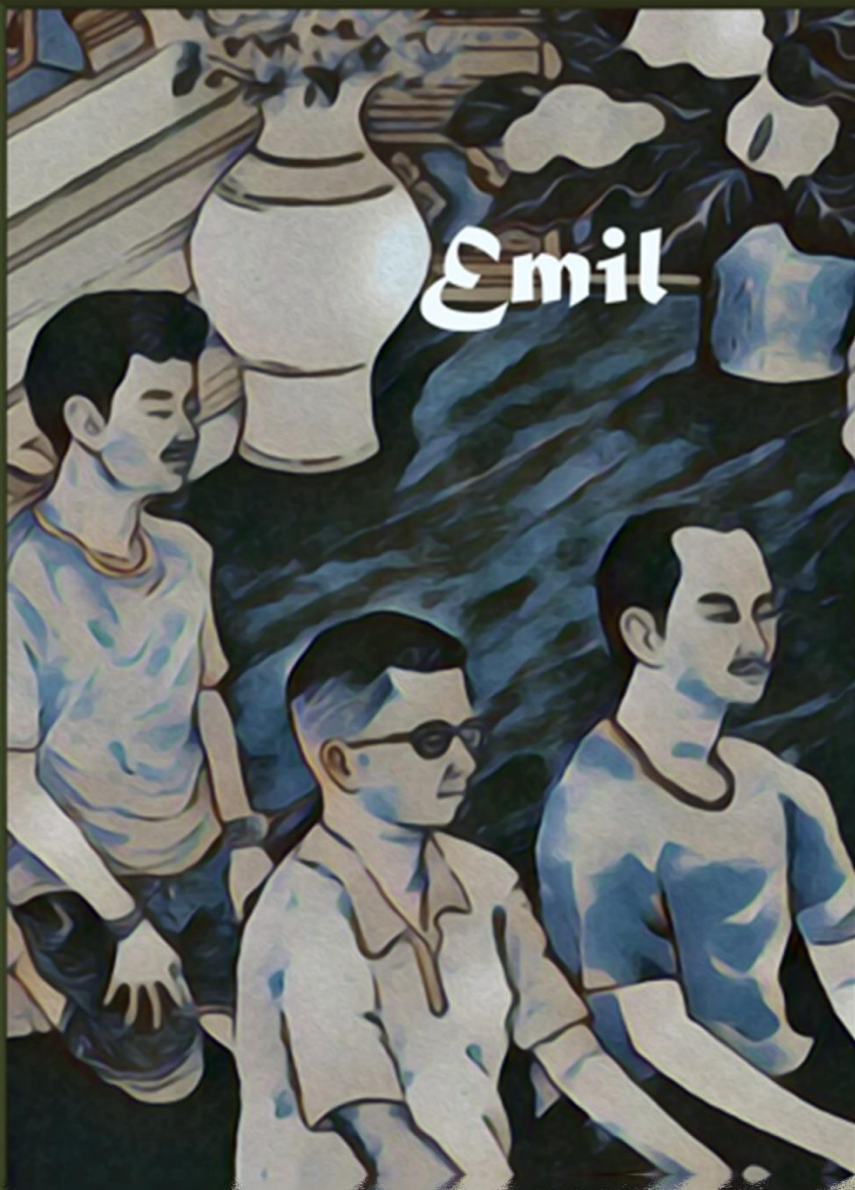
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A rather interesting chest tattoo...didn't notice it at the time but, only as I went back to work on this series of old fotos - otherwise, I would have gotten a much better angle...



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"HITTING DE' ROAD AGAIN, JACK..."

The air is full of wild rumours and I was kind of vicious lies (FAKE NEWS) but, with every new wave of refugees hitting town from the east support and ramp up the hysteria of a new army heading our way. Seems that for too long the CCR had been left to fend for itself and you would (if you were truthful) have to admit that they have had a bit of success despite their harsh measures and non-sensible rules.

Omaha has remained calm in a sea of turmoil that that has swept away so many other towns/cities out here in the Badlands...but, in the end...this success has drawn the attention of more than a few regional warlords or militia units. It was (again if we are to be truthful) just a matter of time before those who don't have would coming looking for the little that the good people of Omaha still had.

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"HITTING DE' ROAD AGAIN, JACK..."

No doubt, that there are more than a few
that resent the people of Omaha nearly as
much as the elite (in their gated
fortresses) because they are re-
establishing a new, a normal way of life –
Granted it is a 1870's kind of normal...

Either way from Sunday...

this ain't no way, my fight!

Bubba...I am just passing through and
I see no need to put myself up in a bind
over people that haven't been (even)
that downright friendly to me!

Figure, it's a good time to head up
further north...

"Canada?"

Who knows?

Maybe, they will have had a change of
heart about Americano Refugees or
I can just sneak across the border...
They say, there are good jobs up there
and over in Vancouver...

"The World has Changed..."



Smile

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"HITTING DE' ROAD AGAIN, JACK..."

They say, there are good jobs up there
and over in Vancouver...

"Wait! @@#@\$ Where have
I heard all that "Schiff" before?"

Hey Bubba!

Someday...it is gonna be true!

I'm leaving in the morning...

WANT TO TAG ALONG?

POST NOTE:

Riders came in from the east and had a
wild tale of tanks and soldiers in lorries
spreading out as far as anyone could see
or was foolish enough to actually wait to
see more close up...

Not Federalist...they didn't see any
old American Flags or insignias...it was
said that they were coming out of East St.
Louis or were using it as a base of
operation...or at least, so, the riders said!
Maybe, we need to leave tonight?

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EMIL WEST



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About EMIL WEST

Welcome to all fans (all five or so of you) of Emil's doddles and we hope you will enjoy this new catalog of Emil's available art.

Emil had other ideas as to what the title should be and even though, they were clever and not without merit; Charles (WWWG's Financial Guru) won the final selection with the argument that we might create a new market for

[Read more](#)



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Author Updates



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"HANGING WITH HUNTER
AT THE MGM VEGAS"

Emil



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HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS Apr 4, 2020

by Emil West, Emil West, Seine LaGone

\$1.99

HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS

Early morning, crisp bite to the air, even at this hour; there are cars
soaring down the strip...an occasional security guard acting all bad

▼ Read more



Trying to Find a Better Day: THE WOMEN OF WARSAW 1949 Mar 21, 2020

by Emil West, Seine LaGone

\$2.99

IT'S EMIL'S TIME!

After a lifetime fraught with what seems to be an endless flash of great opportunities, offering the continual and daunting possibilities of success mixed (not stirred) with Emil's
consorted effort(s) to kick good fortune each time it came and even when it bites him on the bottom; with all this, one might start to challenge the sheer notion of the above

▼ Read more



At the Edge of Emil's World...Penang Mar 10, 2020

by Emil West, Seine LaGone

\$2.99

ARE YOU ALL HERE???

Thank Goodness...with all the craziness going on and the frightful sights and video coming out of the plague's hot zones...(Can I say this? Our legal teams is debating this at this
very moment)

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https://www.amazon.com/EMIL-WEST/e/B00ASSUHJS?ref_=pe_1724030_132998060

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Emil the artist

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Emil the artist is in George Town, Penang.

April 3 at 10:10 PM · 🌐

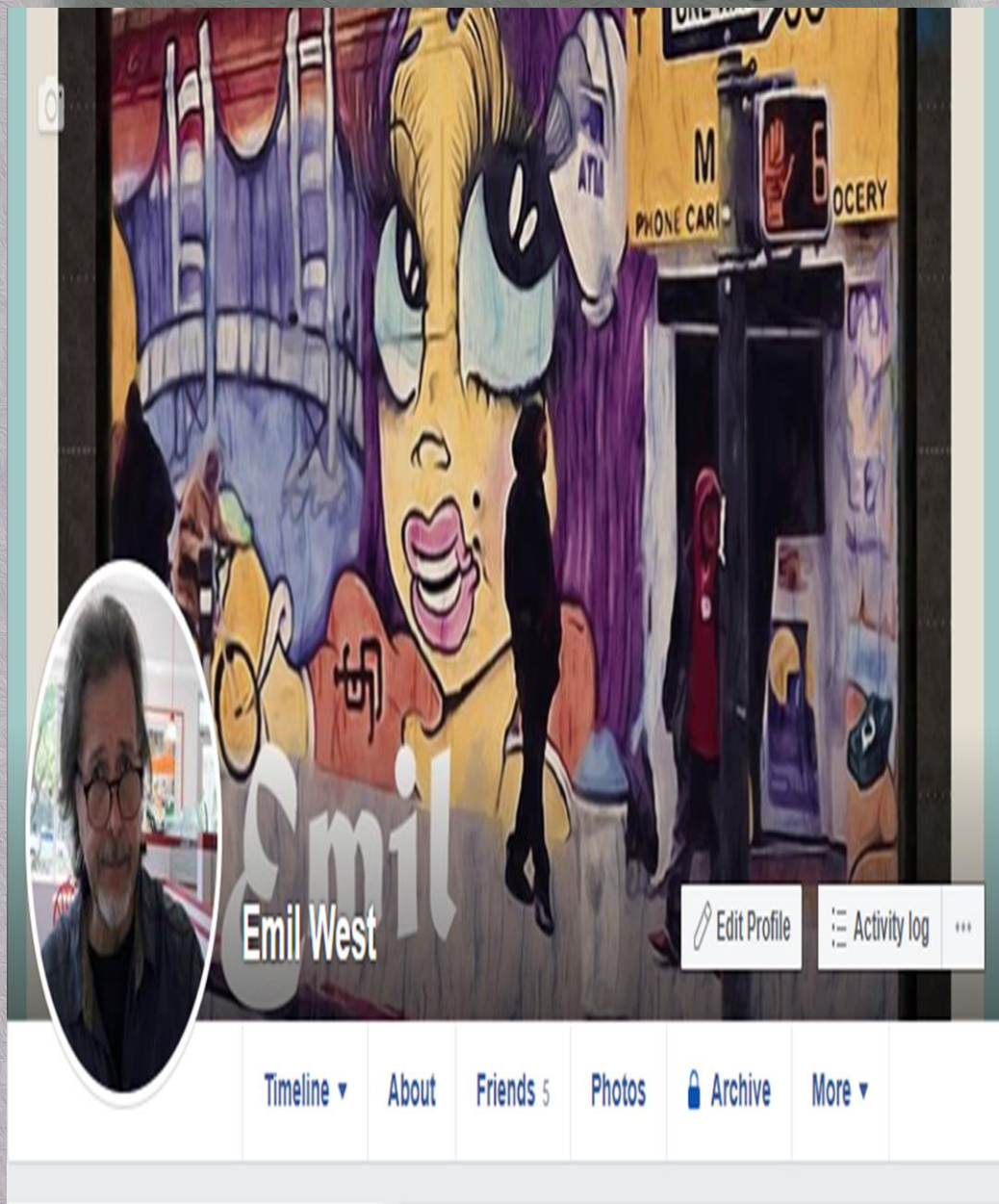
Busy night...well...like is there anything to do...other than my main entertainment venue of the Malaysian Home Shopping Network...
"Do you think that my butt would really be that much smoother???"
OH MY!!!

Thank goodness that I no longer have access to the WWWG Credit Card or else, I would be ordering all day...one way to overcome social distancing! Just sit and wait for the DHL Guy to deliver...they always seem so chatty!...
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